

ONLY A STRONG AMERICA CAN PREVENT

PR.  
10c

# ATOMIC WAR!

ACE



WHEN THIS NEW  
GUIDED MISSILE HITS  
THE KREMLIN, THOSE  
RUSSKIES WILL REALLY  
HAVE A HOT TIME !

First Lieutenant  
Henry A. Commiskey, USMC  
Medal of Honor



ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol, Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieutenant Commiskey says:

"After all, only a limited number of Americans need serve in uniform. But, thank God there are millions more who are proving their devotion in another vitally important way. People like you, whose 50-billion-dollar investment in U.S. Defense Bonds helps make America so strong no Commie can crack us from within! That counts plenty!"

"Our bullets alone can't keep you and your family peacefully secure. But our bullets—and your Bonds—do!"

\* \* \*

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Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity  
save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

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ATOMIC WAR! April, 1953, Number 4. Published bi-monthly by Jansen Books, Inc. Office of publication, 1250 Camden Avenue, S.W., Canton 5, Ohio. Editorial and executive offices, 23 West 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Application for Second Class Entry pending at the Post Office at Canton, Ohio. Single copies, 10¢; 12 issues, \$1.20. Copyright, 1952, by Jansen Books, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

This book is designed to shock America into vigilance—and to help keep the horrors of atomic war from our shores. It CAN happen here, unless friend and foe alike can be made to realize the awful devastation that another war will bring to all. So as you read these pages, pray that what you see here will never happen. And it won't—if we keep America strong!

# ARCTIC ASSAULT

WHEN THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMBS FELL UPON AMERICAN CITIES EARLY IN 1960, RETALIATION AGAINST THE COMMUNIST AGGRESSORS WAS SWIFT AND TERRIBLE. BUT A-BOMBS ALONE COULD NOT DECIDE THIS TITANIC CONFLICT BETWEEN EAST AND WEST---AND SO NOW BOTH SIDES ARE ENGAGED IN A LONG-RANGE, GLOBAL SLUGGING MATCH, WITH NO PLACE TO HIDE . . . ON ONE OF THESE MANY SCATTERED FRONTS . . .



AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE SHORTEST AIR DISTANCE BETWEEN AMERICA AND RUSSIA IS OVER THE NORTH POLE / THAT'S THE ROUTE THEY'RE PLANNING TO TAKE--AND THAT'S THE ROUTE WE'RE TAKING NOW / WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY THAT RED AIR BASE --OR DIE TRYING!

I KNOW HOW I'M GONNA DIE-- OF THE COLD! GEORGIA WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

CHEER UP, GEORGIA / AS SOON AS WE FLY OVER THE NORTH POLE, WE'LL BE HEADING SOUTH!



ABOARD COLONEL ATTWOOD'S LEAD PLANE...

WHEN DO WE LAUNCH THE PILOTLESS MISSILES, COLONEL?

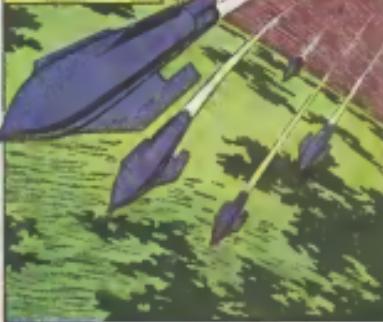
AS SOON AS WE PASS OVER THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE / THOSE GUIDED MISSILES WILL BE MAGNETICALLY DRAWN TO ANYTHING METALLIC -- AND THE FIRST METALLIC THING THEY'LL COME TO ONCE WE PASS THE MAGNETIC POLE WILL BE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES DEFENDING THE RED BASE AT SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA!



BEYOND THE MAGNETIC POLE, MISSILE-LAUNCHING STUDS ARE PRESSED-- AND JET-PROPELLED PILOTLESS CRAFT TAKE OFF FROM THE WINGS OF THEIR MOTHER PLANES!



HIGH ABOVE THE FRIDDL POLAR WASTES, THE MISSILES HURLE ONWARD AT SUPER-SOON SPEEDS!



SOON, AT THE RED BASE IN SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA...

CAPTAIN-- UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS ARE COMING OUR WAY FROM THE NORTH AT 65,000 FEET!

IT MUST BE AN AMERICAN ATTACK FORDER THE CAMOUFLAGE SHROUDS TAKEN OFF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!



AS THE MAGNETIC MISSILES CURVE DOWNWARD,  
IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO THE RED GUNS...

THEY'RE GUIDED MISSILES/  
HIT THEM--KNOCK THE  
AMERICANSKI WEAPONS OUT  
OF THE SKIES!

WE...WE CAN'T  
TRACK THEM / THEIR  
SPEED IS TOO  
GREAT !

BANG!

VLOOM!

AAAGH!

WE'RE HELPLESS UP  
HERE! QUICK / INTO THE  
UNDERGROUND HANGARS!

CLOSE THE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS /  
PILOTED PLANES ARE SURE TO FOLLOW  
THOSE GUIDED MISSILES-- AND WHEN THEY  
ARE OVERHEAD, WE'LL LAUNCH A SURPRISE  
FOR THE AMERICANSKI !

AS THE WEST U.S. AIR ARMADA NEARS THE  
RED BASE.

ARE YOU ALL SHO'  
WERE HEADING SOUTH  
NOW? IT'S NOT GETTIN'  
ANY WARMER !

WELL, JUST WAIT TILL WE  
HIT THAT COMMIE AIR-  
FIELD, GEORGIA! IT'LL BE  
PLENTY HOT FOR YOU  
THEN!

THERE'S WHERE OUR  
MISSILES LANDED,  
COLONEL-- SO THAT  
MUST BE THE RED  
BASE!

YUP-- FLASH THE  
STAND-BY SIGNAL TO  
THE PARACHUTISTS IN  
THE TROOP CARRIERS!

ENEMY PLANES  
ARE APPROACHING,  
COMMANDER!

NOW! OPEN THE  
HANGAR DOORS--PRE-  
PARE TO CATASTROPHES  
OUT!

AS THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE  
HUGE ICE HUMMOCK SLID AWAY...

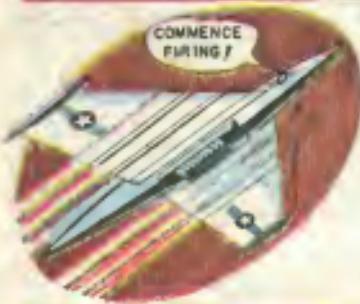
LOOK-- THEY'VE LAUNCHED  
FIGHTER PLANES FROM HIDDEN  
HANGARS BEHIND  
THE ICE!

WELL, WE'VE  
GOT A HIDDEN SUR-  
PRISE FOR THEM, TOO!  
OPEN THE ROCKET-  
RAY DOORS!



COMMENCE  
FIRING!

AS EACH U.S. PLANE UNLEASHES  
A TERRIFIC CANNONADE...



THE ACCURSED YANKEES SHOT  
DOWN OUR PLANES! CLOSE THE  
DOORS AGAIN-- AND MAN THE  
PILLBOXES! IF THEY PARACHUTE  
DOWN, CUT DOWN EVERY  
MOTHER'S SON OF THEM!



AS THE AMERICAN CHUTISTS PREPARE TO JUMP...

ARE YOU SHO'  
THING'SLL BE  
HOT DOWN  
THAR, MARCY?

JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, GEORGIA-  
BOY! THESE NEW FLUORINE GAS  
FLAME THROWERS CAN SET  
ASBESTOS AFIRE, AND CAN EVEN  
PRODUCE FLAME BENEATH THE  
SURFACE OF WATER OR SNOW!

THERE GO OUR BOYS!  
THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE  
ANY TROUBLE---THERE  
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE  
ANY RED GROUND  
TROOPS TO OPPOSE  
THEM!

BUT THERE MAY BE SOME  
RED REINFORCEMENTS ON  
THE WAY HERE. I HAVE  
THE TV-TRANSMITTER  
BALLOON SENT ALDFT  
FOR A LOOK-SEE!



THE LARGE, HELIUM-FILLED, RADIO-CONTROLLED BALLOON  
IS RELEASED FROM THE MOTHER-PLANE, WITH ITS SENSITIVE  
TELEVISION ORTHICON TUBE FOCUSED ON THE FROZEN  
GROUND BELOW...

GOOD! GUIDE THE BALLOON IN  
WIDENING SEARCH CIRCLES AROUND  
THIS AREA, KANE---AND KEEP  
YOUR EYES GLUED TO THE  
TV SCREEN!

ROGER,  
COLONEL!



MEANWHILE, AS THE GI'S LAND...

LOOK OUT! THOSE HUMMOCKS ARE  
NOTHING BUT DISGUISED PILLBOXES---  
AAGHH!



HURRY---GET THOSE FLUORINE  
FLAME THROWERS INTO ACTION!  
WE'VE GOTTA COOK THE REDS  
INSIDE THOSE PILLBOXES---OR  
WE'RE COOKED!

T-YEAH,  
H-HURRY, MARCY--  
BEFORE I F-FREEZE  
TO DEATH!



THERE YOU  
ARE, GEORGIA---  
WARM ENOUGH  
FOR YOU NOW?

MAN, OH, MAN!  
I'D SWEAR  
I'M BACK IN  
OLE ATLANTA!

SUDDENLY...



THEY GOT MARCY-- THE PAL WHO WAS  
KEEPIN' ME WARM! I'LL FIX 'EM FOR THAT!



THERE Y'ARE, YEH ROTTEN  
COMMIES-- HOW'D YEH LIKE A  
TOUCH O' SOUTHERN  
WEATHER?



AS THE BASEOUS FLAMES POUR THROUGH  
THE PILLBOX'S SUN APERTURES...

THIS OUGHTA MAKE SOUTHERN FRIED  
CHICKENS OUT OF 'EM! BUT NOW I'D BETTER  
HANOOSE BEFORE THEIR AMMO EXPLODES!



AT THAT MOMENT, MILES AWAY ACROSS THE ICY TUNDRA...



ABOVE THE RED BASE, THE U.S. PLANES  
CIRCLE SLOWLY AROUND WHILE BEING RE-  
FUELED BY FLYING TANKERS . . .

OUR GUYS ARE DOING  
A BANG-UP JOB  
DOWN THERE, KANE!  
THEY'RE BLOWING UP  
THOSE PILBOXES  
ONE BY ONE!

COLONEL -- LOOK AT  
THE T.V. SCREEN! THE  
T.V. BALLOON HAS PICKED  
UP RED JET-PRO-  
PELLED SKI TANKS!

ACCORDING TO THE BEARINGS RADICED  
BACK FROM THE BALLOON, THE TANKS  
ARE HEADING NORTH AT 200 MILES  
AN HOUR! THEY'LL BE AT THE  
BASE BELOW US IN FIFTEEN  
MINUTES!

THAT MEANS  
TROUBLE, KANE!  
I'LL RADIO  
OUR MEN ON  
THE GROUND TO  
HURRY IT UP -- AND  
I'LL HAVE THE HELIS  
READY TO PICK THEM UP  
IN TEN MINUTES!

ON THE GROUND, THE AMERICANS HAD  
TO FIGHT TIME . . .

HEY, YOU GUYS--  
SNAP IT UP! RED  
TANKS ARE COMIN'  
THIS WAY--THEY'LL  
BE HERE IN FOUR-  
TEEN MINUTES!

THIS IS THE LAST  
PLACE THE REDS  
CAN BE HOLED UP IN--  
AND A SINGLE BLAST  
OF EXPLOSIVE PROME-  
THIUM WILL BLOW  
THIS DOOR TO  
ATOMS!

WITHIN THE HANGAR, THE REMAINING REDS AWAITED  
THE AMERICAN ONSLAUGHT . . .

HERE THEY COME!  
SELL YOUR LIVES DEARLY--  
HELP IS ON THE WAY!



HAI! THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE  
WEARING BULLET-PROOF ARMOR--  
AND WE KNOW THEY'RE NOT!  
SO LET 'EM HAVE IT!



MOP 'EM UP FAST--BEFORE  
THOSE RED TANKS GET HERE  
TO MOP US UP!





WITH THE WINGS OF THE GREAT PLANE SCREAMING IN PROTEST AT THE UNACCUSTOMED STRAIN OF THE DIVE . . .



YOU WERE SHORT, COLONEL--BUT IN HEAVEN'S NAME, DON'T TRY IT AGAIN! PULL UP-- PULL UP!



YES, AND LOOK AT THOSE DYING REQS TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GAS, COLONEL! YOU MUST'VE HIT THE UNDERGROUND STORAGE TANKS WHERE THE NERVE GAS WAS KEPT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KANE! AND SINCE THE PREVAILING WINDS BLOW FROM THE NORTH, THAT GAS OUGHT TO SPREAD SOUTHWARD INTO SIBERIA! THAT'S WHAT I CALL POETIC JUSTICE!



AS THE TROOP-LADEN HELICOPTERS RISE UP TO BE RECEIVED BY THE GREAT MOTHER SHIPS THROUGH THEIR YAWNING BAY DOORS, THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM A WRECKED, DESOLATE, LIFELESS BASE--A MUTE TESTIMONIAL TO AMERICA'S STRIKING POWER!



AND HOMeward BOUND ONCE MORE . . .

THAT'S RIGHT, GEORGIA! WE'VE GOT TO GO NORTH TO THE NORTH POLE BEFORE WE CAN GO SOUTH AGAIN!

HUH? HOW WE CAN GET BACK SOUTH BY GOIN' NO' TH IS SOMETHIN' I'LL NEVER FIGGER OUT!



THE END

# OLD-TIMERS DIE HARD

FROM THE ARCTIC TO THE TROPICS, ALL ALONG THE GLOBAL BATTLE-FRONT, THE TWO MIGHTY GOLIATHS OF EAST AND WEST CLOSED IN MORTAL COMBAT... BUT IT WAS IN THE SAAR BASIN THAT THE RUSSIANS CHOSE TO CUT LOOSE WITH THEIR NEW SECRET WEAPON! THEN, THE SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED RED LEADERS FELT SURE OF A BREAK-THROUGH, FOR THE AMERICAN-HELD SECTOR WAS COMMANDED BY THE AGED, OLO-FASHIONED AND UNSCIENTIFIC GENERAL BARCLAY-- WHO OBVIOUSLY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COPE WITH THE PULVERIZING PERIL FROM THE EAST!





EVERYTHING MADE OF METAL HAS MELTED! WE DON'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS!

THEY'RE HELPLESS! MOW THEM DOWN!



A FEW HEROIC G.I.'S TRY TO STEM THE RED TIDE--IN VAIN!

AT LEAST WE'VE STILL GOT OUR WOODEN RIFLE STOCKS--KNOCK ON WOOD!

KILL THE DIRTY BOURGEOIS!



AS THE FRANTIC FIELD REPORTS COME IN TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS...

ALL OUR METAL WEAPONS AT THE FRONT--FROM RIFLES TO TANKS--HAVE DISINTEGRATED! OUR LOSSES ARE VERY HEAVY!

WE'LL FIND OUT LATER WHAT HAPPENED! RIGHT NOW, ORDER A RETREAT TO OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENSES!



IT--IT'S TRUE! THOSE MEN RETREATING FROM THE FRONT DON'T HAVE A SINGLE METALLIC THING ON THEM! BUT HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN?



SPEAK ENGLISH, MAN! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE THEORY IS SIMPLE, SIR! HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES, EVEN FROM A SINGER'S HIGH NOTES, CAN SET NEARBY OBJECTS TO VIBRATING UNTIL THEY CRACK OR SMASH! YOU CAN MAKE ANYTHING DISINTEGRATE, IF YOU GET IT RESONATING AT THE RIGHT FREQUENCY!

IT MUST BE THE NEW HIGH-FREQUENCY SONAR WEAPON THAT BOTH WE AND THE REDS WERE KNOWN TO BE WORKING ON, SIR!



THE REDS HAVE APPARENTLY PERFECTED A SUPERSONIC AMPLIFIER WHOSE SOUND WAVES CORRESPOND WITH THE RESONATING FREQUENCY OF METALS— AND THE METALS VIBRATE TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THEY'RE PULVERIZED /

THAT SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE-TALK TO ME !

IF THE REDS HAVE COME UP WITH SOMETHING NEW, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A COUNTER-MEASURE BY APPLYING SOUND MILITARY LOGIC /

BUT GENERAL, YOU CAN ONLY FIGHT SCIENCE WITH SCIENCE! FOR EXAMPLE, WE CAN MAKE NO-MAN'S LAND RADIOACTIVE, WHICH WOULD MEAN DEATH TO ANY RUSSIAN WHO CROSSES--

NONSENSE! WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COUNTER-ATTACK ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN' ABOUT A COUNTER-ATTACK---AN OLD CHAIR-BORNE BRASS-HAT WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO FIGHT BULLETS WITH CLUBS !

I HEARD THAT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE DISCIPLINARY ACTION NOW---THEIR MORALE IS TOO LOW! I'LL HAVE TO RAISE THAT MORALE ...

I'VE COME TO A DECISION---I'M GOING TO STAY AT THE FRONT UNTIL I SEE THIS NEW RED WEAPON FOR MYSELF !

SOON AFTERWARDS, AT THE SECONDARY DEFENSES EAST OF SAARBRÜCKEN ...

COME ON---MOVE THOSE TANKS CLOSER TO BACK UP THE LINE !

MEANWHILE, ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND ...

FIRE SMOKE SHELLS!

FIRE!

**BAROOM**

I KNOW YOU CAN'T SEE THE REDS  
THROUGH THE SMOKE, MEN, BUT CUT LOOSE  
WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! FIRE RIGHT  
INTO THE SMOKESCREEN! YOU MUST STOP  
THOSE NEW WEAPONS BEFORE THEY GET  
WITHIN EFFECTIVE RANGE!

AS A WITHERING HAIL OF FIRE POURS INTO THE  
SMOKE...

FORWARD--  
AT ANY COST! GET THE  
PULVERIZERS WITHIN  
RANGE!



THE BLIND FIRING TAKES A HEAVY TOLL OF RUSSIANS, BUT THEY PRESS FORWARD RELENTLESSLY--  
UNTIL...

A PULVERIZER  
BROKE THROUGH--  
WE'RE DONE FOR!

GREAT SCOTT!



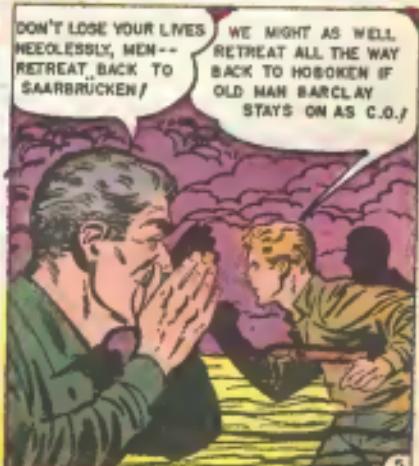
THEN THE RUSSIANS SWITCH OFF THEIR ULTRASONIC  
AMPLIFIERS, AND THEIR INFANTRYMEN RUSH IN TO MOP  
UP THE DEFENSELESS G.I.'S!

DON'T LOSE YOUR LIVES  
NEEDLESSLY, MEN--  
RETREAT BACK TO  
SAARBRÜCKEN!

WE MIGHT AS WELL  
RETREAT ALL THE WAY  
BACK TO HOBOKEN IF  
OLD MAN BARCLAY  
STAYS ON AS C.O.!



KNOCK THEIR BRAINS  
OUT WITH RIFLE BUTTS--  
OHHHHH!



BY JULY OF 1960, THE HORRORS OF ATOMIC WAR HAD BEEN DRIVEN HOME TO ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY ON EARTH. ENTIRE CITIES HAD BEEN PULVERIZED IN HELL-BOMB BLASTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD--- BUT IN A WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., A SMALL GROUP OF MEN MET IN CONFERENCE, GRIM BUT UNAFRAID---

# OPERATION SATELLITE

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT'S THE LATEST BATTLE SITUATION?

WE'VE STOPPED THE ENEMY'S WESTERN OFFENSIVE, MISTER PRESIDENT --- AND WE'RE HOLDING ON ALL THE OTHER FRONTS! IT'S BECOME A WAR OF ATTRITION --- AND OUR SCIENTISTS ARE TRYING TO PERFECT NEW WEAPONS TO DELIVER A KAYO PUNCH! BUT THE RED SCIENTISTS ARE BUSY TRYING TO DO THE SAME THING!



...ANY FURTHER PROGRESS ON THE PROJECT TO FORM A SATELLITE IN SPACE BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON?

NO, WE'RE STYMIED ON OPERATION SATELLITE! WE HAVEN'T PERFECTED A ROCKET FUEL POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GET PAST THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF EARTH!

WE'VE GOT TO SOLVE THAT PROBLEM! THE RUSSIANS, WITH HELP FROM GERMAN SCIENTISTS, ARE WAY AHEAD OF US IN ROCKET RESEARCH --- AND IF THEY SUCCEED IN THEIR OPERATION SATELLITE, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO RAIN ATOM BOMBS DOWN ON US THAT CAN'T BE INTERCEPTED OR DESTROYED --- AND WE'LL HAVE LOST THE WAR!



AT THAT MOMENT, HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD,  
AND THE WILD CAVES OF THE URAL MOUNTAINS  
IN THE HEART OF SOVIET TERRITORY...

THE ELECTRONIC KEY OF THE SHORT-WAVE,  
TRANSISTOR-TUBED RADIO TRANSMITTER TAPS  
OUT A CODED MESSAGE THAT IS RELATED TO  
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY'S OFFICES...

CHIEF-- A MESSAGE FROM OUR  
AGENT IN MAGNITOGORSK ME SAYS  
THE RUSSIANS ARE ABOUT TO  
LAUNCH AN ATOMIC-PROPELLED  
SATELLITE INTO SPACE!

WHAT?  
LET'S HAVE  
IT-- QUICK!



I KNOW MY CHANCES OF GETTING OUT OF  
RUSSIA ALIVE ARE NIL--  
BUT I'LL VOLUNTEER FOR TO COVER UP YOUR  
THE ASSIGNMENT!

MISISON, HARRIS, WE'LL  
LAUNCH A MASS BOMBING  
RAID OVER THE URALS. THE  
REDS'LL THINK WE'RE TRYING TO  
KNOCK OUT THEIR UNDERGROUND  
ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER AT  
MAGNITOGORSK AGAIN!



"URGENT-- RUSSIAN-SPEAKING EXPERT IN  
DISGUISE, SIX FEET, ONE NINETY POUNDS, PARA-  
CHUTE DOWN AT GRID MARKINGS Z968I, K4329,  
NEAR MAGNITOGORSK, NIGHT OF 13TH, CARRYING  
MAKEUP KIT AND AERIAL PHOTORAMAS OF VITAL  
RUSSIAN TARGETS...

SIMONE, TIM O'SHENKO."

AGENT GLENN  
HARRIS FITS THAT DESCRIPTION, CHIEF! I'LL  
GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!



ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTEENTH, HIGH ABOVE THE CENTRAL  
URALS...

WHILE ON THE GROUND BELOW, A  
GUNS IN DEEP NATURAL CREVICES  
SEND UP A THUNDEROUS CRESCEDE  
OF FLACK AT THE MARAUDERS  
ABOVE...



NAVIGATOR TO CHUTIST,  
APPROACHING DROP AREA---  
READY...



TEN... NINE... EIGHT... SEV---  
OH HHHH!

HOLY COW--- A FLAK  
BURST GOT 'IM !



...FOUR... THREE ... (GASP)

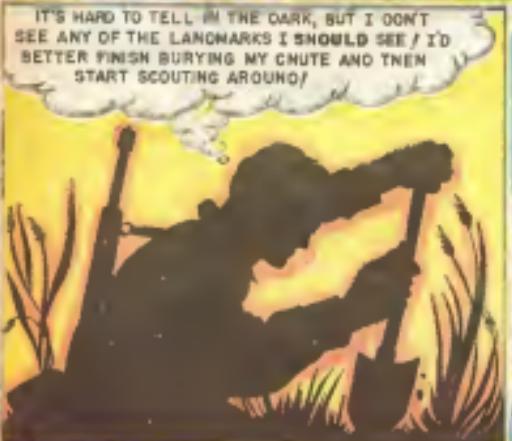
NEVER MIND, PAL---  
I WAS COUNTING / I'M ON  
MY WAY!



ANOTHER BURST GOT 'EM---  
THE PLANE'S AFIRE! POOR DEVILS  
---AND THEY HAD ORDERS NOT TO  
JUMP, TO KEEP THE REDS FROM  
SCOURING THE AREA FOR  
CHUTISTS!



IT'S HARD TO TELL IN THE DARK, BUT I DON'T  
SEE ANY OF THE LANDMARKS I SHOULD SEE / I'D  
BETTER FINISH BURYING MY CHUTE AND THEN  
START SCOUTING AROUND!



BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

BLAST IT---I  
TRIPPED!

WHAM!

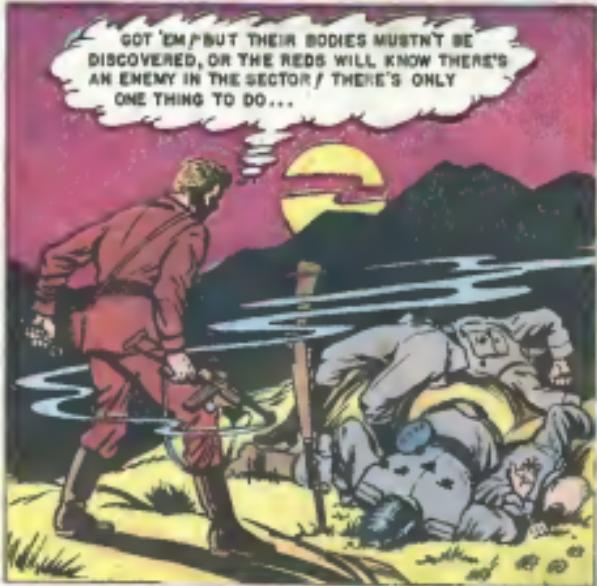
КТО ЭТО?  
ОТВЕЧАТЬ!



A RED PATROL MUST'VE HEARD MY FALL /  
THEY CAN'T SEE ME IN THE DARKNESS---  
BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THEM IN MY  
INFRARED VISISCOPE!



GOT 'EM! BUT THEIR BODIES MUSTN'T BE  
DISCOVERED, OR THE REDS WILL KNOW THERE'S  
AN ENEMY IN THE SECTOR / THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING TO DO...



THEN, AS THE DAWN REDDENS THE SKY...

AH, THERE ARE SOME OF THE LANDMARKS  
I WAS TO LOOK FOR! WAIT---THERE'S A  
RUSSIAN WATCHING ME!



HE MAY NOT BE THE SPY I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET  
HERE---BUT I'LL KNOW FOR SURE IF HE  
ANSWERS MY CODE WORD /

TIM O'SHENKO!

NOTRE DAME  
QUARTERBACK!



SO YOU'RE THE SPY WE'VE HAD IN THE RED ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS!

YES, I'M A TRUSTED ENGINEER THERE -- BUT TIME IS SHORT -- I MUST GET BACK BEFORE MY ABSENCE IS DISCOVERED /COME-- INTO THE CAVE/

HERE'S A RUSSIAN COLONEL'S UNIFORM, DOWN TO THE LAST MEDAL / AND HERE'S A PHOTO OF COLONEL VASLAV, CHIEF ENGINEER AT THE ROCKET CENTER / DISGUISE YOURSELF AS HIM -- AND STAY PUT UNTIL I RETURN FOR YOU AT MIDNIGHT /

WILL DO /



THIS IS NO CINCH, EVEN FOR AN OLD HOLLYWOOD MAKEUP ARTIST LIKE ME. BUT THIS PLASTIC PUTTY OUGHT TO HELP MAKE MY HIGH CHEEKBONES LOOK REALISTIC...

AT MIDNIGHT...

КАК ВЫ ПОЗИЦИОНИРУЕТЕ? ДОВОЛЕН?



TEN MINUTES LATER...

ENTER/DEEP BELOW THESE ROCKS, THE REDS HAVE BUILT A HUGE, ATOMIC-POWERED ROCKET WHICH CAN HURTLE OUT INTO FREE SPACE -- AND REVOLVE LIKE A MINOR SATELLITE AROUND THE EARTH/



WITH THE HELP OF NAZI V-2 SCIENTISTS, THE REDS GEARED THE SATELLITE SO IT'LL DROP GUIDED ATOMIC MISSILES DOWN UPON EARTH/EACH MISSILE HAS PHOTORAMS -- LINKED UP WITH A TELEVISION SCANNER-- OF KEY U.S. TARGET AREAS...

AH, I GET IT!



THE MISSILE STAYS IN THE ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH AND WHEN THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL FINDS ITS TWIN-- BANG!

EXACTLY / QUIET NOW--WE ARE AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE UNDERGROUND CITY/



AS THE SPY SLIDES A STONE SLAB AWAY, AN ASTONISHING SIGHT GREETS GLENN HARRIS'S EYES...

GREAT SCOTT --- THE REDS MUST'VE HOLLOWED OUT THE CORE OF AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN !

YES, THIS PART IS ALWAYS IN SHADOWS, SO IT'LL BE EASY FOR YOU TO STEP OUT AND WALK CASUALLY TO COLONEL VASLAV'S QUARTERS --- THE ONE GUARDED BY THE SENTRY ! NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO ...

SOME MINUTES LATER, GLENN, AS COLONEL VASLAV, LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE CAVERN FLOOR --- AND SOON . . .

COLONEL VASLAV ! I THOUGHT YOU RETIRED AN HOUR AGO ! I DIDN'T SEE YOU LEAVE YOUR QUARTERS !

THEN YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP AT YOUR POST ! IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, IT MEANS THE FIRING SQUAD ! NOW LET ME PASS, FOOL !

INSIDE . . .

ACCORDING TO TIN O'SHENKO'S DIRECTIONS, THIS SHOULD BE VASLAV'S BEDROOM ! OH-OH, THAT DOOR WOULD HAVE TO SQUEAK !

WHO'S THERE ? WHA--- IT'S ME ! I . . . I MEAN, I'M YOU --- !

YOU'RE WRONG --- YOU'RE DEAD !

ААИИИГГ!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE  
COLONEL'S KITCHEN...

AH, THE INCINERATOR  
CHUTE JUST AS O'SHENKO  
DESCRIBED IT! HOW TO  
CRAWL INTO YASLAV'S  
BED AND FINISH HIS  
SLEEP!

IN THE MORNING...

ORDER MY JEEP! I WISH TO BE DRIVEN  
TO THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE!

IMMEDIATELY,  
CONRADE COLONEL!



SOON...

ЛЕНИН

YE GODS---IT'S STUPENDOUS!  
BUT I MUSTN'T GAPE---I'VE  
GOT TO ACT AS IF I'VE SEEN  
THE ROCKET HUNDREDS OF  
TIMES BEFORE!

I'M GOING INSIDE TO DO  
SOME LAST-MINUTE  
CHECKING! WAIT FOR  
ME HERE!

INSIDE THE ROCKET...

THAT BOY O'SHENKO KNEW JUST WHERE  
THE AERIAL PHOTORAMAS WERE! NOW TO  
REPLACE THEM WITH PHOTORAMAS OF  
RUSSIAN TARGET AREAS---THE URALS,  
THE VOLGA AND DNIETER BASIN AREAS...



AS AGENT GLENN HARRIS, ALIAS IVAN YASLAV,  
LEAVES THE ROCKET.

WELL, IVAN, IS  
EVERYTHING  
READY?

EVERYTHING!

EXCELLENT!  
.DYNAMITE AWAY THE  
THIN ROCKY ROOF  
ABOVE THE ROCKET!



**BOOM**

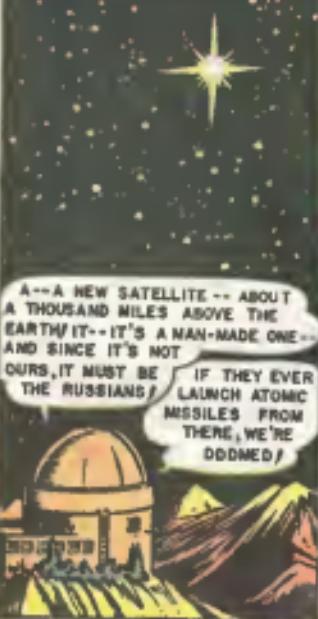
THE SITE IS CLEARED OF ALL PERSONNEL, A REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH IS PULLED -- AND THE MIGHTY ROCKET SLOWLY RISES ON A VERTICLE COLUMN OF FIRE! FOR A MOMENT IT HOVERS, SEEMINGLY MOTIONLESS...

DIRECTLY ABOVE THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE...



...AND THEN, FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW...

2 HOURS LATER, IN THE MT. WHITNEY ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, WHERE THE NEW 400-INCH TELESCOPE IS HOUSED...



A--A NEW SATELLITE -- ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH! IT-- IT'S A MAN-MADE ONE-- AND SINCE IT'S NOT OURS, IT MUST BE THE RUSSIANS! IF THEY EVER LAUNCH ATOMIC MISSILES FROM THERE, WE'RE DOOMED!



BUT AS THE MISSILES PLUNGE DOWNWARD TOWARD THE ROTATING EARTH, THE TELEVISION SCANNERS PICK UP TARGET AREAS IN THE GREAT MOUNTAIN RANGES AND RIVER BASINS OF EURASIA -- AND "HOME IN" ON THOSE SOVIET TARGETS!



SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE NEW SATELLITE'S ORBIT CARRIES IT ABOVE NORTH AMERICA, PORTS OPEN IN THE ROCKET-- AND MISSILES WITH ATOMIC WARHEADS ARE SHOT OUT BENT ON DESTRUCTION!

WHILE IN THE NEW SOVIET OBSERVATORY  
ATOP MT. KAZBER IN THE CAUCASUS...

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG --- THE MISSILES  
WILL FALL ON OUR COUNTRY!

WHAT? STOP  
THEM --- STOP  
THEM!

BUT,  
GENERAL, YOU  
FORGET --- THESE  
MISSILES CAN'T  
BE STOPPED!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING  
GENERAL OF THE MAGNITOGORSK  
ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER...

ONE BY ONE THE ATOMIC MISSILES  
LAND ON THE TARGET AREAS! SOME  
CRASH TO EARTH IN UNINHABITED  
MOUNTAIN RANGES, BUT OTHERS  
HOME IN ON THE HIGHLY INDUSTRIALIZED  
RIVER VALLEYS WITH THEIR  
GREAT HYDROELECTRIC DAMS!

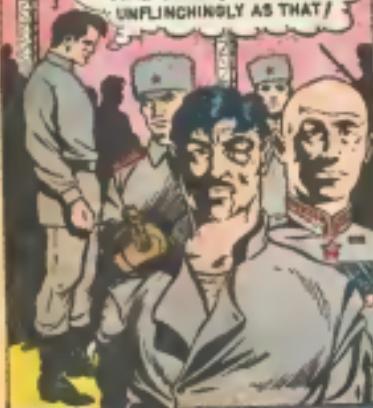
THE GENERALISSIMO  
DEMANDS A SCAPEROAD  
FOR THE DISASTER / WHO  
COLONEL [REDACTED] WAS THE LAST MAN TO  
VASILY! / I'LL HAVE HIM PURSED  
--- AND IN FRONT OF  
MY WHOLE  
COMMANDO!



SOON...

I -- I WISH I COULD HELP  
HIM --- BUT I CAN'T! I -- I  
ONLY HOPE THAT WHEN MY  
TIME COMES, I'LL GO AS  
UNFLINCHINGLY AS THAT!

YOU DO NOT WISH THE  
HANDKERCHIEF AROUND YOUR  
EYES? THEN LET ITS FALLING  
BE THE SIGNAL FOR YOUR  
EXECUTION! READY... AIM...



AT LEAST HE WILL NOT HAVE  
DIED IN VAIN! HE HELPED  
DESTROY THE SATELLITE  
PROJECT WHICH WAS THREE  
YEARS IN THE MAKING --- AND  
BEFORE ANOTHER THREE  
YEARS ARE UP, U.N.  
SCIENTISTS ARE SURE TO  
HAVE THEIR OWN MAN-MADE  
SATELLITE IN SPACE --- FOR  
THE DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY!



# PERIL at Ploesti

DEVIL-DIVER  
TO FLAGSHIP--  
THIS LITTLE  
BABY BOUNCED  
LIKE A CORK  
AWAY FROM  
YOUR DEPTH  
CHARGE! SHE  
CAN TAKE  
EVERYTHING  
BUT A DIRECT  
HIT!

ALL RIGHT, DEVIL-DIVER--THE  
TEST IS OVER! RETURN TO  
FLAGSHIP AND REPORT TO  
FLEET ADMIRAL! YOU'RE  
GOING TO PUT THAT SUB  
THROUGH SOME REAL  
ACTION SOON!

WHOOOOM!

AMERICA WAS NOT ALONE IN ITS BATTLE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST AGGRESSIONS. FOR MORE THAN FIFTY UNITED NATIONS HAD JOINED THE WAR TO ERASE RED TYRANNY FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH: BUT THERE WERE SOME AMERICANS WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD CLEAN UP THE WAR SINGLE-HANDEDLY. IF LEFT ALONE -- AND ONE OF THOSE WAS CHIEF BOOGIE DON WALKER, NOW TESTING A NEW ONE-MAN SUBMARINE BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE TURKISH SEA OF MARMARA...

SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS...

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO KNOCK OUT THE PLOESTI OIL FIELDS IN RUMANIA WITH OUR CARRIER-BASED PLANES, BUT WE'VE LOST TOO MANY TO RED ANTI-AIRCRAFT! SO YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A COMMANDO RAID AGAINST THOSE OIL FIELDS!

SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT MISSION, SIR!

YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM A SEAMAN SECOND CLASS IN THE TURKISH NAVY, WHO'S BEEN TESTING OUR ONLY OTHER ONE-MAN SUBMERSIBLE! HE'S FAMILAR WITH ALL THE NAVIGATION PROBLEMS IN THE BLACK SEA AND...

DANUBE RIVER!

BUT, SIR! HOW CAN I TAKE ORDERS FROM AN ORDINARY SEAMAN-- AND A FOREIGNER AT THAT?



I'M SURE AMERICANS CAN DO THE JOB ALONE! BEGIDES, ON A MISSION LIKE THIS, I'D LIKE SOMEONE I KNOW AND CAN TRUST-- WHO WON'T RUN IF THE GOING GETS ROUGH--?

THAT'L DO! YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM SEAMAN MEHMET HAKARI, AND THAT'S FINAL! HE'S ABOARD SHIP RIGHT NOW... I'LL HAVE HIM BROUGHT IN!

SEAMAN HAKARI, THIS IS YOUR FELLOW COMMANDO, CHIEF BO'SUN WALKER!

VER' HAPPY MEET YOU! SHAKE!

HOW DO WE GET TO PLOESEI, ADMIRAL?



WARSHIPS WILL ESCORT TO A POINT 30 MILES OFF THE RUMANIAN COAST! YOU'LL PROCEED SUBMERGED FROM THERE--UNDER HAKARI'S ORDERS! NOW, REPORT TO THE DEMOLITION OFFICER-- HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO THE OIL-FIELDS! DISMISSED--AND GOOD LUCK!



TWO DAYS LATER, BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE BLACK SEA OFF THE RUMANIAN COAST...

MOUTH OF DANUBE JUST AHEAD, YANK! YOU NO BE AFRAID-- MEHMET KNOWS WAY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME BEING AFRAID! LEAD ON!



AS THE TWO SUBS PROCEEDED UP THE BROAD DANUBE, BUSY WITH MILITARY TRAFFIC...

STAY CLOSE TO BOTTOM, YANK! IF REDS SEE OUR SHADOWS, WE FINISHED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER--ARE YOU GETTING SCARED?



HOURS LATER...

TURN WEST HERE, INTO  
IAOLOMIA RIVER! THEES  
RIVER VER' NARROW--  
BE VER' CAREFUL!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL  
ME HOW TO HANDLE  
THIS SUB! I'D HAVE  
BEEN AT PLOST!  
LONG AGO IF I WERE  
IN COMMAND!



FINALLY...

IS OKAY TO SURFACE  
HERE -- NO ONE IN  
MARSHES! WE TIE  
UP HERE!



WE LEAVE SUBS HIDE  
HERE! I SHOW WAY  
TO MAIN PIPE-LINE!  
YOU HAVE  
EXPLOSIVES?

WHEN IT COMES TO  
EXPLOSIVES OR FIGHTING,  
JUST LEAVE IT TO AN  
AMERICAN!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HERE IS MAIN PIPE-  
LINE! BUT HURRY--  
IS RED GUARD SHACK  
NOT FAR AWAY!

IT WON'T TAKE LONG!  
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS  
INJECT SOME LIQUID  
OXYGEN INTO THE PIPE-  
LINE WITH THIS COMPRESSOR GUN!



WHY NOT  
DYNAMITE  
PIPE?  
I WANT TO DO MORE THAN BLOW UP  
THIS SECTION OF THE PIPE-LINE! LIQUID  
OXYGEN EXPLODES DIRECTLY ON CON-  
TACT WITH A HYDROCARBON LIKE  
PETROLEUM -- AND THE OXYGEN WILL  
MAKE THE FLAMES SPREAD LIKE  
FURY INSIDE THE PIPE!



SUDDENLY...

YI!!!!!!  
IS HOT!!



WITH WILDFIRE SWIFTNESS, THE FLAMES SPREAD ALONG THE PIPE-LINE TO THE OIL FIELDS IN ONE DIRECTION...



... AND TO THE REFINERIES AND STORAGE TANKS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!



BUT AS THE TWO COMMANDOS RACE AWAY FROM THE PIPE-LINE...



MY... MY LEGS! I CAN'T WALK! LEAVE ME HERE AND GET BACK TO THE RIVER! DON'T LET THE REDS CAPTURE THE SUBS!

THEY NO CAPTURE SUBS-- AND THEY NO CAPTURE YOU!



BUT ME DOWN, YOU DUMB OK! YOU CAN'T CARRY ME AND FIRE AT THE SAME TIME! THE SUBS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN I AM!

YOU YANKEE-- YOU VER' IMPORTANT TO ME! AND MEHMET CAN STILL FIRE SUB-MACHINE PISTOL!



IN A WILD DASH THAT GEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE TO WOUNDED DON WALKER...

I... I MUST BE LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD-- MY HEAD'S SWIMMING--

HE IS A SHOOTING FOOL-- ARGHHH!



AFTER A MAD RACE AGAINST DEATH...

HA--I LOSE  
RED IN GRASS!  
AND HERE ARE  
BOATS!

WHAT...WHAT GOOD IS IT?  
I'M TOO WEAK TO PILOT  
BOAT BACK TO THE  
BLACK SEA!

MEHMET BE PILOT FOR BOTH!  
SUB CAN HOLD TWO MEN--HOW  
YOU CALL IT--IN PINCH! BUT  
FIRST I MAKE SURE REDS NO  
CAPTURE MEHMET'S SUB!  
MEHMET COME PREPARED--  
WITH TIME BOMB IN SUB!  
NOW MAKE IT GO BOOM  
IN THREE MINUTES!

THEY HEADED  
FOR THE  
RIVER!  
SEARCH  
THE RIVER  
AREA!



THREE MINUTES LATER...

LOOK, COMRADE--THEY  
FLEE IN SMALL  
SUBMARINE!

BUT HERE IS  
ANOTHER ONE!  
PERHAPS WE  
CAN PURSUE  
THEM IN IT...



THINGS ARE  
GETTING BLACK!  
I--I MUST BE  
PASSING...OUT...

SLEEP, MY  
FRIEND,  
SLEEP!

HOURS LATER, WHEN DON  
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

EASY, LAD!  
THE MEDICS  
PATCHED YOU  
UP--YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
BE ALL  
RIGHT!

WE...WE GOT  
AWAY, MEHMET!

SURE,  
YANK?

I SURE WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU,  
PAL! IF I EVER GO INTO ACTION  
AGAIN, YOU'RE THE ONE I'D  
WANT AT MY SIDE!

SURE...  
PAL!



FOR ANOTHER GLIMPSE INTO WORLD  
WAR III--A WAR THAT MAY NEVER  
COME IF AMERICA IS PREPARED--  
DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**ATOMIC WAR!**

The End



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